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OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WOPB

(11:30-12:30 PM)

TIME

(OCTOBER 22, 1985)

DATE

(THURSDAY)

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

WOPB 11:30-12:30 PM OCTOBER 22, 1985

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: In the administration of our great National Forests, the U. S. Forest Service sets high standards of efficiency and performance for the Rangers on the job. Frequent inspections of the Ranger's work are made by the Forest Supervisor and by technical experts from the regional Headquarters, to see that the numerous jobs the Ranger is handling are being done efficiently, that his equipment is being kept in good working order, and that a dollar's worth of value is being obtained for every dollar spent. Forest Service inspection is helpful and constructive - the Ranger is expected to use his own best judgment and organizing ability on the job, and it is results that count.

Up on the Pine Cone District today, Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry, have been out on the National Forest with the Forest Supervisor,-- Bert Ellsworth.

Supervisor Ellsworth has been inspecting Jim's improvement projects with a critical eye. But now, as we tune in, they are just coming back to the Pine Cone Ranger Station. -- Here they are --

ELLSWORTH: Well, Jim, we put in a pretty long day, didn't we?

JIM: Yep. So we did, Bert.

ELLSWORTH: I still want to have a look at that drift fence job and some of the other jobs you're doing up on the north end of the district.

JIM: Yeah, you oughta see that. If you can stay over here tonight, Bert, we can go up first thing in the morning.

ELLSWORTH: I think I'd better stay over, Jim. I can put up down the road at that boarding house.

JIM: No you won't. You can stay right here at the Station. I reckon Bess'll have supper all ready and --

ELLSWORTH: But I don't want to put Mrs. Robbins to a lot of trouble like that, Jim. She isn't expecting me, you know, and --

JIM: No trouble at all, Bert. She'd be disappointed if you didn't stay over here with us. She'll have plenty of supper ready, you know that, -- so come on in -- I'll tell her to put another plate on the table.

ELLSWORTH: Well, all right, Jim -- if you're sure it won't be putting her to extra trouble.

JIM: No, 'course not. Come on, Bert.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) The door's locked, Jim.

JIM: Huh? Door locked, is it, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. So is the office door.

JIM: (KNOCKS) (CALLS) Oh, Bess -- (PAUSE) --Hm. I guess she must've stepped over to one of the neighbors. Got your key, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. I got the key to the office door.

JIM: All right.

(SOUND OF UNLOCKING DOOR)

JERRY: There we are. Come on in, Mr. Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH: Thanks.

JIM: Hmm. Wonder where Bess is. (CALLS) Oh, Bess --

JERRY: Here's a not she left on your desk, Jim.

JIM: Yep. Let's see -- She says (READS) "Dear Jim: Mary and I have gone to Willow Glen to do some shopping. ----"

ELLSWORTH: Oh-oh. Too bad, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Didn't break it very gently, did she?

JERRY: Mary went too, huh? What else does she say, Jim?

JIM: Let's see -- she says (READS) "We also may visit some friends or go to a movie, so probably won't be back 'till late. You and Jerry had better get your own supper. Rex has been fed. Hope you find something. Bess."

ELLSWORTH: (LAUGHS) Wait 'till I tell the boys about that one. -- "Dear Jim, the dog has been fed. Hope you find something." (CHUCKLES)

JIM: (CHUCKLING) So do I. -- Well, Bert, I invited you to supper. The invitation's still good, if you can stand my cooking.

ELLSWORTH: (CHUCKLING) You're cooking, eh? I don't know, now, Jim. It might be kinda risky. Weren't you the one that made those camp biscuits the time we were cruising timber up on the North Fork -- the ones we had to use the ax on to get 'em broke in two?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That's a gross libel. Ask Jerry if I can't make biscuits that'll make you stand up and holler for more.

JERRY: Well, they ain't so bad, Mr. Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH: Well, I'll tell you now. When it comes to handling a frying pan, I claim to be a pretty good hand myself. S'pose I show you rangers some of the finer points about this cooking business.

JIM: Well, s'pose we pool our resources here. I reckon we ought to be able to get together and turn out something pretty special.

ELLSWORTH: All right. Let's get going.

JIM: Jerry, being the youngest, we'll let him get the fire started, while we explore around a bit and see what we can line up.

JERRY: Okay.

(CLATTER OF STOVE)

ELLSWORTH: Wait'll I get my coat off, Jim, so I can get down to business here.

JIM: Want to put on this apron, Bert?

ELLSWORTH: Apron! I should say not. A fellow's gotta have plenty of free arm action on this job.

JIM: Yeah, that's the way I look at it, too. Always feel kinda awkward when I get an apron wrapped around me. -- We'll put it on Jerry, huh?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Never mind that. You fellows better get going and put something on the stove here. I've got the fire ready.

JIM: Yep. Let's see what we can find, Bert. -- Here, what's this? -- Flapjack flour. Can't use that, can we?

ELLSWORTH: Naw -- this is supper, not breakfast.

JIM: Well, let's see. Here's a can of pepper. We'll probably need pepper.

ELLSWORTH: Yep. Get'er down. We'll be wanting pepper, all right.

JIM: All right. Now what else. -- Paprika? -- Nutmeg? This shelf doesn't look like very good pickings, does it?

JERRY: What's that down below?

JIM: Sure 'nough. What's this? Oh-ho. Here we are, Bert. It's a sack of onions.

ELLSWORTH: That's the stuff! Onions! Bring 'em out, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We'll let Jerry peel 'em and cut 'em up. He's the youngest.

JERRY: Say, it's sure tough being the youngest in this crowd.

ELLSWORTH: You need the experience, son. -- Well, let's see, Jim, we've got onions and pepper now.

JIM: Yep. That's a pretty good start, and we've gotta have coffee. -- Hmm. Bert has got some kind of a new-fangled contraption here -- French drip or something -- that I don't savvy the use of. Maybe we can find the old coffee pot and throw a few handfuls of coffee in 'er in the good old fashioned way.

JERRY: Yeah, I guess it's up on the top shelf there.

JIM: I S'pect so. Here, let me get up on this chair here. -- Hmm -- plenty of other pots up here --

(LOUD CLATTER OF FALLING POTS AND PANS)

JERRY: Hey, for the love of Mike - what you trying to do?'

JIM: (GROWLING) Why didn't somebody hold that chair?

ELLSWORTH: (LAUGHING) Did you get the coffee pot, Jim?

JIM: (GRUFF) No, but I got every other ppt in the place - they all landed on top of my head.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Yeah, it looked like it was raining pots and pans. -- There's the coffee pot up there on the back of the shelf, Jim. I'll get it.

JIM: Okay.

ELLSWORTH: Let me have 'er, Jerry. I'll get the coffee started while you fellows scout around and see what else you can turn up.

JERRY: All right. Here y'are. -- Say, Jim, there's some ham and cold boiled potatoes in the collar.

JIM: Bring 'em out, Jerry. We can use 'em. -- Well, Bert. Here's all the pots and pans we oughta need.

ELLSWORTH: I'll say so.

JIM: Kinda confusing, aint it? So many of the doggone things. I reckon my cooking talent goes better over a camp fire without all these kitchen gadgets to get mixed up with.

ELLSWORTH: Me too, Jim. A frying pan and a good bed of coals, - that's all you need.

JIM: Yep. Can't say I feel exactly at home in a big kitchen like this. -- Well, anyway, here's the onions and -- ham -- here's a can of sardines, Bert. I reckon we can use those, can't we?

ELLSWORTH: Sure -- but you don't have to cook sardines. We want to cook something special for this supper of ours, don't we?

JIM: That's right. But maybe we could warm up these sardines a little.

ELLSWORTH: Yeah, maybe. - I got it, Jim! Fried sardines smothered in onions.

JIM: Say, that's an idea! That oughta make a dish fit for the Ritz. How about it, Jerry?

JERRY: Well, it sounds kinda funny - but I'll stick along with you, - I'm the youngest.

JIM: Yep. (CHUCKLES) You'll eat it and like it. --

ELLSWORTH: You bet he will.

JIM: All right. Get started cutting up some onions, son.

JERRY: Okay. How many?

JIM: Oh, I don't know. Several. -- Let's see, Bert. Which one of these frying pans do we want? Gosh, I never knew we had so many frying pans.

ELLSWORTH: Better use the biggest one.

JIM: Yeah, that's right. -- We might cut up some pieces of ham and these potatoes and throw 'em in the pan, too, Bert. Just for good measure.

ELLSWORTH: Sure.

JIM: And here's the pepper --

(FADEOUT)

(INTERVAL - MUSIC)

BESS: (OFF, CALLS) Oh, Jim --

JIM: (CALLS) Yes? Hello, Bees.

BESS: (OFF) We're back again, Jim. Where are you?

JIM: (CALLS) Out in the kitchen.

BESS: (OFF) What are you doing out there?

JIM: (CALLS) Cooking supper.

BESS: (OFF) My land, haven't you men had supper yet?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Not yet.

MARY: (OFF) Jerry - are you out there too?

JERRY: (CALLS) Yes. Hello, Mary.

MARY: (COMING UP) Oh, Jerry, we had the best time! - We went to every store in town and -

BESS: (UP) My heavens, Jim! What on earth are you up to? It looks like a cyclone hit the kitchen!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Maybe it did, Bess. Here's Bert Ellsworth here, and he's --

BESS: Oh, Mr. Ellsworth -----!

ELLSWORTH: Hello, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Oh, Mr. Ellsworth, I'm embarrassed. ----Jim! You've got our Supervisor out in the kitchen with his sleeves rolled up -- peeling potatoes!

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Sure. We believe in putting the boss to work, huh, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Sure thing.

ELLSWORTH: Don't worry about me, Mrs. Robbins. I'm having the time of my life.

BESS: You've let him get all russed up - and you too, Jim - why didn't you put on aprons? -- Look, you've spilled something all over your trousers.

